

MAGAZINE FEATURES THE NEWS SCIMITAR DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGLY AND BUNTY'S DOLL

(Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Where is Bunty?" asked Uncle Wiggly. Longears, the rabbit gentleman, one morning, as he came down to breakfast in his hollow stump bungalow.

"Oh, Bunty has gone out to play long ago," said Nurse Jane. Fussy Wuzzie, the rabbit lady, spoke to Uncle Wiggly, with a sigh, sort of restful like and ampie. "It's a good thing to have Bunty go out and play."

"Do you mean it's good for her?" asked Nurse Jane, as she stood some carrots for the bunny's breakfast and poured a maple syrup sauce over them.

"It's restful for Bunty and restful for me," said Uncle Wiggly. "Do, you know, Nurse Jane," he went on, "since I found Bunty, that cute little rabbit girl, in a hollow stump and brought her home to live with us, she certainly has kept me going. Yes, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Longears, explosive like and inflammatory, at the same time documentary, "she certainly has kept me busy."

"But it's good for you," said Miss Fussy Wuzzie, the muskrat lady housekeeper. "You haven't looked so well in months. Bunty, by being lively, and making you chase her every once in a while, keeps you from getting stiff."

"Well, yes, perhaps," admitted the bunny rabbit. "But, at the same time, I am glad she has gone out to play this morning. Now, after breakfast, I can sit and read my papers in peace and restfulness."

And, when he had finished eating his turnip turnovers, with lettuce frosting on, Uncle Wiggly sat down in his easy chair in the sunshine, and began to look over the Cabbage Leaf Gazette, which is the newspaper of the animal people of Woodland near the Orange Mountains.

But just as Uncle Wiggly was reading how grandfather Goosey Gander had a cold in his bill and couldn't quack very well, Nurse Jane suddenly cried:

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly! Come here as quickly as you can. Hurry!"

"What's the matter now?" asked the rabbit gentleman, as he dropped his paper and gave three hops, a jump and part of a skip to the window, out of which Nurse Jane was looking. "What's the matter?"

"See! There goes Bunty's doll!" said the muskrat lady. "It's skidding along over the ground as fast as the gallery-scenery at the circus. Bunty's doll is running away, and she'll feel so badly."

"Bunty's doll running away? Impossible!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "The doll isn't alive—it can't run away!"

"But it is!" said Nurse Jane. "See it skidding along! I'm telling you, there was Bunty's doll, moving along the woodland path, over the green moss, over the green grass, over the brown leaves in and out among the green ferns. The doll was skidding along the ground, but no one was dragging her—that is, as far as Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane could see."

"Did you ever?" asked you imagine it?" cried the muskrat lady.

"I can see it," said the bunny, rubbing his eyes, and his pink, twinkling nose, to make sure he was awake. "I can see it!" said Uncle Wiggly. "I don't have to imagine it. But what makes that doll go so I don't know. Some dolls can walk and talk, but I never saw one slide along all by herself before."

"Run after it quickly!" cried Nurse Jane. "Bunty's doll will feel very badly if her doll is lost! Run after it for her!"

"I will," said the rabbit gentleman. Not stopping to put on his tall silk hat, and forgetting all about his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, out of his hollow stump bungalow rushed Uncle Wiggly. After the doll he hopped.

But as fast as he hopped the doll skidded along just as fast, always keeping ahead of Mr. Longears.

"Oh, no! I'll get you yet!" cried the bunny. And he hopped faster and faster. But the doll skidded along even more quickly. Uncle Wiggly was hopping as he had never hopped before.

"What makes that doll move along?" panted the bunny, all out of breath. "I can't see anyone pulling or pushing her. It can't be a trick of the Pipsiswah or the Skuddlemagoo, for I can see neither of those bad chaps. What makes the doll move along? I must find out, but first I must get hold of it!"

So the bunny hopped along faster and faster, and the doll skidded along until, all of a sudden, Bunty's doll was held fast, and Uncle Wiggly, making a big jump, grabbed it. Then he saw that this black but very strong thread was tied around the doll.

"Ha! Someone was pulling that doll along by this black string, and I couldn't see it," said the rabbit gentleman. "I wonder who did it?"

"I don't know," said the bunny. "I don't know who pulled it, and out from behind a bush jumped Baby Bunty. 'I tied the long thread to my doll, and then I hopped ahead and pulled the doll after me,' said Baby Bunty. 'I wanted you to hop along fast, and not get stiff,' Uncle Wiggly, and you did! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Uncle Wiggly rubbed his pink nose. He shook his head at Baby Bunty, but he couldn't help laughing. "I'm not stiff now," he said, "but I may be tomorrow."

"Oh, no you won't!" laughed Baby Bunty. "And if the bathtub doesn't get a shower bath while searching for the frog boys' umbrellas, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and Bunty's medicine."



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—It Was a Moment That Demanded Snap Judgment!



WHO'S TO BLAME

BY ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

A successful wife is as willing to read her bills as she is to read her love letters.

CHAPTER NO. 55.

Bills!

So that very evening Freddie decided to talk finance with Estrella. They had had dinner and Sarah, the maid, had straightened the room for them and was going to bed. Estrella paused with her hat on, at the door.

"Mrs. Mason, mam," she said, "if you'll give me the change I can stop to my way in, in the morning, and bring Mr. Fred some cream for his coffee. That milk man was so unreliable, he's not delivered it for two days, or maybe somebody's taking it off the dumbwaiter. I thought I'd find out tomorrow."

"Freddie," said Estrella, "give Sarah some change for your cream, will you?"

Without a word Freddie put his hand in his pocket and drew forth 25 cents. He felt that he could not say to his wife before their maid that it was that morning he had given her the last five dollars he would have till Saturday; and that by giving her the bill he had been left some 50 cent cents for himself, of which this quarter was practically a third, instead—

"Enough, Sarah," he asked pleasantly as he handed the money. "You didn't blow that whole five today, did you?"

"I don't suppose you mind paying for your own cream, do you?" asked Estrella coldly.

"Why, no, of course not," Freddie told her. "I only had that little change that I was trying to make last till the end of the week. Still, that's not important. I said, I could have ahead on my salary if I absolutely had to. What I did mean is that I imagined you would have some household accounts if you had a little money from here and then a little money from some place else."

"Of course, dear," said Freddie. "I didn't mean bills! I knew we didn't have income enough to run accounts. I meant your budget; your apportionment of your expenses, or whatever you call it!"

"Well," she began, "if there's going to be a row over our meagre money, we may as well get it over. If you're trying to tell me you expected me to keep account of what you've given me, you can just know the truth at once. I haven't, of the slightest idea what I've done with one penny of it. There! I certainly haven't had enough to worry me, either. And I don't know what you mean, either, when you say we haven't income enough to run accounts! We certainly have, and we certainly have! You didn't expect me to pay out bills with the little money you gave me, did you?"

It was Freddie's turn to stare. For a moment he couldn't grasp it. Then—

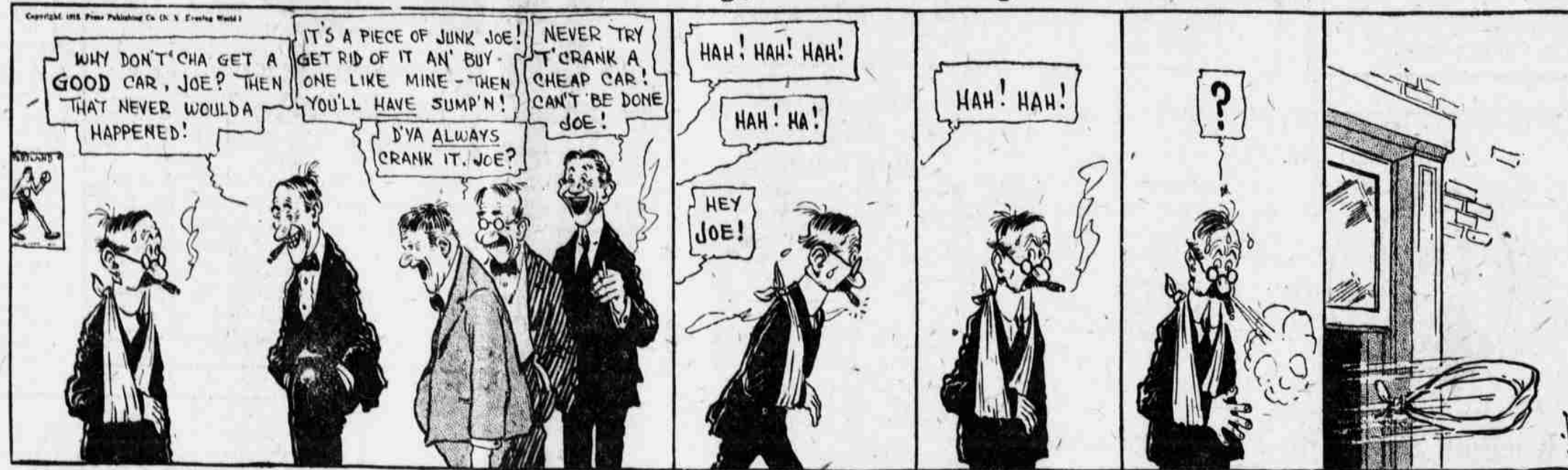
"You don't mean," he added slowly, "that you've spent the money I gave you and—and that we owe people for the things we've been having?"

Estrella arose from her chair. She crossed the room and vaulted open violently the top drawer of the desk. An untidy litter of papers almost filled it. Estrella gathered these in her two hands. Then she came back to Freddie. With an angry gesture she flung the papers down in his lap. Some of them were of between his knees flattered to the floor. Bills! Bills! Bills! Butcher—baker and candlestick maker! They were—bills!

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Nothing Like Getting an "Honest" Opinion!



JOE'S CAR—Atta Boy, Joe! Destroy the Evidence!



HOROSCOPE

TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1919.
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Astrologers read this as an unfavorable day. Uranus and the sun rule strongly for evil. Venus is slightly adverse.

Again the stars seem to foreshadow public discontent and a disposition to assail the acts of those who exercise power.

Uranus is in a place as menacing to those who act for others, and, therefore, for government officials high as low.

The planet which is believed to sway the understanding and affect the judgment of men and women will breed bitter controversies in politics and encourage attacks on public men.

There is a sign held to indicate changes of big plans, new business activity appears to be presaged.

Saturn is in a place supposed to denote a declining birthrate and much mortality among children.

Theaters and places of amusement may suffer through some unforeseen circumstance.

Some sort of trouble with England over a financial matter is prognosticated, but this will be easily averted.

Persons whose birthdate it is may have anxieties if they are employed. They should guard against deceit and intrigue.

Children born on this day may be domineering and of roving disposition. These subjects of Taurus often are difficult to control as they may be self-willed.

A Line On Men You Read About

Cable dispatches recently carried the news that Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet-playwright, had taken a bride—Mlle. Renee Dahon, of Nice, France. M. Maeterlinck has been a resident of Nice for ten years. He is 58 years old; his bride 25.

Maeterlinck was born in August, 1862. He was 27 when his first book, a collection of verses entitled "Les Aveugles," was published.

Among the better known works of the Belgian writer are "The Blue Bird," "La Princesse Maleine," "Les Eglais," "Les Sept Princesses," "Pellus et Melisande," "La Sagessse et la Destinée," and "La Vie des Abeilles."

He has published a number of symbolic and philosophical essays. Much of his work has been of the psychological order. He has devoted no little time to a study of the mystical writings of all ages. Spiritual issues have been invariably flavored with mysticism.

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DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

THE VICTORY LOAN.

The government is calling upon you to subscribe to the "Victory Loan." What are you going to do about it?

Are you going to shut your fist on every dollar you possess, put a Yale lock on your pocketbook and save your conscience by thinking over the number of Liberty bonds you bought and how many war savings stamps you have tucked away in your safety deposit box and recounting how much you gave to this and that war fund?

Or are you going to open your hand still more generously for your country's last great need and dig still deeper down into your pockets and add a little more to that collection of bonds that is the measure of your loyalty and patriotism and the outward and visible sign thereof?

For, believe me, a few years hence, when the daughters of the Great War for Democracy and the Sons of 1917-1918 are organized, the card of admission is going to be in the shape of a Liberty bond and a Victory bond, and those who can't produce them needn't apply. The sons and daughters of slacks will be barred.

Our government is asking us to buy Victory bonds. Victory bonds! Doesn't the very name ring in your heart like a strain of martial music? Can't you hear the beat of the drum and the tramp of marching feet as the long boys coming home to us, we would

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have fought with each other for the privilege of paying the price of peace. Now that that miracle has come to pass, shall we withhold our help to our country and baffle over the cost of victory?

Are we so poor of spirit that it takes fear to overcome our selfishness and greed? We subscribed, and overabundantly, to the Liberty bonds because the submarines of the enemy menaced our shores, and our boys "over there" would have been as sheep led to the slaughter without our aid. In time of danger we stood together as one man, of one mind, determined to defend the country to the last man and the last dollar. Surely now that the danger is over we have not so soon forgotten the splendid, unselfish loyalty that united us and gone back to our individual self-seeking, where each is for himself and the devil take the government.

Nor should we forget that while fighting is over in its largest sense, the war is not over yet. It will not be over until every soldier is back at home, until every wounded man is made as well as medical skill can make him, until every ship is safe in its own harbor, until common daily life swings back to normal and every war debt is by way of being paid.

All of this takes money, millions and millions of dollars. Uncle Sam needs his children's help just as much now as he did during the war, and every man and woman who does not stand at his back, and assist him in the last penny is just as much a renegade and a quitter as he or she would have been to refuse him while the fighting was going on.

Therefore, it behooves us to make the Victory loan an even greater success than was the Liberty loan. We should make it a great and glorious success as an expression of our na-

AN ANCIENT SCIENCE.

Accountancy, which is the science of systematizing business, has a history that runs back at least 4,000 years. Very early in the development of nations it was found that in commerce, as well as in the affairs of the state, systematic and careful account-keeping were indispensable. These systems were at first crude and barbarous, but they at least kept the finances of the nation and the marts of trade from being chaotic.

The invention of double-entry book-keeping early in the fifteenth century, by the merchants and bankers of Venice, gave to the science of accountancy an invaluable trade instrument, and one without which the great commercial enterprises of the later centuries could hardly have existed. And so it has been on down to the present time: there has been a parallel progress between the accomplishments of commerce and the science of accounting, and it is known to every man in business that the former cannot continue without the latter. Even the most unbusiness-like people know this much, and we can hardly imagine anyone silly enough to attempt to carry on any kind of a business enterprise without keeping books.

Bookkeeping as a formal subject of study is taught in most of the public and private schools of this country, but it is only that form of bookkeeping that applies to the affairs of the merchant or the shopkeeper. The public has yet to learn that bookkeeping is quite as necessary to the property of the wage worker, the salaried man, the farmer and the housekeeper as it is to the shopkeeper, the merchant or the manufacturer.—Thrifty Magazine.

THRIFT PRIZES OFFERED.

The American Society for Thrift, 28 West 42d street, New York, is offering cash prizes in an essay contest. It has inaugurated "How I Practice Thrift." Any person is eligible to enter the contest, which closes May 15. The compositions must be limited to 250 words, and may be devoted to any phase of personal thrift.

The contest is being conducted in connection with an inquiry inaugurated by the Thrift society to get ideas for the use in the schools in connection with the work of thrift committees of the national council of education. The prize amount is \$25.—The Thrift Magazine.

DOLLARS IN GARDENS.

Grow some for yourself, urges the National War Garden Commission, Washington, in campaign for food a. b. kitchen door.